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SUMMER AMUSEMENT :

O R,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS :

INSCRIBED TO THE FREQUENTERS OF

MARGATE,		SOUTHAMPTON,
RAMSGATE,		CHELTENHAM,
TUNBRIDGE WELLS,		WEYMOUTH,
BRIGHTHELMSTONE,		SCARBOROUGH, &c.

BY

JOHN BURNBY, *K*

AUTHOR OF AN HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION OF
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL ;

AND

AN ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC ON THE INCREASE
OF THEIR POOR-RATES.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DODSLEY, Pall-Mall ;
And sold by all the Booksellers in Great-Britain and
Ireland.

M,DCC,LXXII.

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M.DCC.LXXXII

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MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S.

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY.
LIFE.

HOW enchanting's a country life!
More charming than that of the town;
I am blest with an amiable wife,
Whose features ne'er furnish'd a frown.

I'm indebted to Fortune, who fear'd
That my happiness was not complete;
Two innocents kindly she rear'd,
To sweeten my lovely retreat.

Thus happy—how life glides away!
I envy no Monarch his lot:
Real pleasure I taste ev'ry day,
In my private and neat little cot.

B

When

When the sweet rosy morning appears,
I rise with content in my breast :
My mind is a stranger to fears,
The joy of my heart is the test.

To the beautiful fields is my ride,
Where I join the enlivening hounds ;
Whilst Health with her train by my side
Are my company over the grounds.

After hunting till pleasure grows stale,
I'm willing to vary the scene ;
And haste to my seat in the dale,
With rapture to clasp my dear QUEEN.

A QUEEN in RIVINE I find ;
Her pleasure is always to please ;
Virtue reigns in her innocent mind ;
Nature form'd her to govern with ease.

How excessive the blifs I enjoy !
In my Family how I delight !
No pencil can figure the joy,
When my prattlers smile at my sight.

Each evening we stray to the grove,
Or toil up the towering hill ;
Or fly to the Temple of Love,
Which adjoins to the murmuring rill.

If

If we pass o'er the flowery mead,
All Nature appears to be gay;
Oh! say what delight can exceed,
To mark the sweet lambs as they play

One morning we stray'd to a vale,
Where a rivulet ever will glide;
But no sooner we enter'd the dale,
Than I turn'd to Rivine, and cry'd:

"How pleasing the prospect around!
"See yon cluster of sycamore-trees!
"Can a rational mortal be found,
"To be sat'd with beauties like these?
"Let the man who can sip with delight
"Each amusement the City can give,
"Once behold such a beautiful sight,
"And Nature will teach him to live."

The spotted snake, unknown to play,
Chas'd by the sun's resplendent ray,
Lies basking on the ground:
The industrious bee, at his right
And up the flow'rs with sweet delight
Where nourishment is found.

A SUMMER'S DAY.

THE sun triumphant mounts to shine ;

Teach me to paint, ye tuneful Nine,

In just descriptive lay,

The odour of the garden flow'r,

The fragrance of the jessamine bow'r ;

How sweet the Summer's Day !

The lowing cattle leave the mead,

And gain the pebbled stream with speed,

Their scorched hoofs to cool ;

The finny race delighted play,

And seem to enjoy the Summer's Day

Within the limpid pool.

The frisking lambs in wanton sport

To the thick shady wood resort,

Near to the new-blown hay ;

The feather'd tribe with swelling throats

Warble their soft harmonious notes,

In honour of the Day.

The spotted snake, unknown to play,

Chear'd by the Sun's refulgent ray,

Lies basking on the ground :

The bees, industrious, take their flight,

And sip the flow'rs with sweet delight,

Where nourishment is found.

How fine the prospect of the down,
Where sweating toils the honest clown

His rustic fair to meet;

With anxious steps he stalks away,

Unmindful of the sultry day,

Tho' fore fatigu'd with heat,

From the steep hill his lass with speed

Descends, and trips it o'er the mead,

Her true love to secure;

With calm content her bosom glows,

Her mind no other passion knows

Than Love sincere and pure.

The village swains at eve of day

Attend their nymphs to sport and play,

And dance within the grove;

With joy the Summer's Day is crown'd,

The whole is one continual round

Of harmony and love.

RURAL

RURAL FELICITY.

IN the morn as I walk thro' the mead,
 And tread on a carpet of green,
 When I view the sweet flocks as they feed,
 What equals the beautiful scene!
 Thro' the groves as I pass with delight,
 In viewing yon evergreen pine,
 What sensations I feel at the sight
 Of a prospect so rural and fine!

Hark ! the birds, as they perch on the bough,
 With melody pleasing the ear ;
 See the hind from afar with his plough,
 Denoting the time of the year.
 As I stray thro' the neighbouring vale,
 Encompass'd by mountains so high,
 Oh what charms do I find in the dale,
 Near the stream that runs murmuring by!

At the foot of yon sycamore-tree
 The shepherd sits tuning his reed ;
 While his lambs frolic round him with glee,
 His sheep along-side of him feed.
 O'er the beautiful lawn do I see
 The hare with timidity fly ;
 How delight ful's the music to me
 Of the echoing dogs in full cry !

What

What harmony's that which I hear?
 'Tis the bells from yon neighbouring vill;
 Oh! how pleasing the sound to my ear,
 By the side of this murmuring rill.
 No pleasure to me is so sweet
 As that which simplicity gives;
 I am happy, thank God, at my feat,
 Where RURAL FELICITY lives.

OCCASIONED BY A LADY LEAVING A
 FOND ADMIRER, AND MARRYING
 ANOTHER.

H E L E N no more can charm my heart,
 Nor please my sensual eye;
 Alas! she's gone! 'tis death to part!
 Oh! whither shall I fly?
 Tho' Fancy, with her airy trains,
 Paints the fair maid unkind,
 Her lovely image still remains
 Imprinted on my mind.
 Those piercing eyes, which shone so bright,
 Such beauty did disclose;
 Can tongue declare, or pen indite,
 The charms of her I lose!

Of

Oft have I view'd her beauteous air,
 Enchantingly divine;
 As oft I've offer'd up my pray'r
 To make fair Helen mine.

Th' excessive love which fill'd my breast,
 Had almost turn'd my brain;
 Peace was a stranger, likewise rest,
 And all was hopeless pain.

When th' inconstant tempting fair
 Appear'd enrob'd in white,
 And found me trapp'd in beauty's snare,
 She view'd me with delight.

The angler thus with pleasure flings
 His hook into the lake;
 The nibbling fish with rapture springs
 The gilded bait to take.

When fetter'd in the bonds of love,
 I wish'd not to be free;
 As constant as the turtle-dove,
 No lad so blythe as me.

But soon the short-liv'd pleasure flew,
 And all was dreadful pain:
 The cruel fair-one prov'd untrue,
 And sought another swain.

Forevermore I'm doom'd to pass
 Life's dreary vale alone;
 Since Fortune's robb'd me of the last
 I wish'd to call my own.

ON SEEING A LADY WITH A LARGE HEAD-
DRESS AT A CONCERT.

SUCH a head did I see!
On which all must agree
Was a cap most enormously high;
Under which were some bags,
Stuff'd with wool and old rags,
Thro' her locks I could plainly descry.

How I gaz'd at the sight
Of the pyramid fright,
No longer could Nature contain;
When I laugh'd out aloud
Amidst the vast croud,
But in whispers began to complain:

" Was HOGARTH but awake,
" For absurdity's sake,
" To take a full peep in the Hall,
" How that Genius would stare
" At the bundle of hair,
" Wool, powder, pomatum, and all!

" Why, his art could not paint
" Such a magnified saint,
" Crown'd with muslin, cambrick, and lace;
" But Folly's fond passion,
" The sister of Fashion,
" Would distinctly be seen in her face."

Here my friend then reply'd :

" I the lady deſcrib'd

" Before that you enter'd the Hall,

" But I never thought Nature

" Could form ſuch a creature

" Since Adam and Eve had their fall.

" Why, now ſee all the while

" Other Ladies can ſmile,

" Miſs ſits like a ſtate of lead ;

" Not a word doth ſhe ſay,

" Except Yea, Ma'am, or Nay,

" For fear of offending her head."

Oh ! may all ſuch Miſſes

Ne'er know the fond bliſſes

Attending the conjugal ſtate ;

But, like ladies of pleaſure,

Have men at their leiſure,

And dub them, The KNIGHTS of the PATE.

2. in the Corner.

THE

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

FOR the sake of my sex,
 Tho' I'd wish not to vex,
 I have wielded my feminine pen;
 If the point should prove true,
 And as sharp as 'tis new,
 It must wound you censorious men;
 Our heads, you must know,
 You impertinent beau,
 Like our passions they rise and they fall:
 Sometimes we dress high,
 When we strive to outvie
 At a concert, assembly, or ball.
 If for church we prepare,
 Then our negligent hair
 Flows carelessly over our shoulders;
 We observe there our duty,
 Not thinking of beauty
 To captivate all our beholders.
 But you modern monkeys,
 Some call Macaronies,
 Who hours sit under the tonsors,
 Sure were born in a den,
 You're so far unlike men,
 You feminine-masculine monsters.

When you sit in your chair

For your delicate hair

To be dress'd in the tip of the fashion,

If not scented and greas'd;

Then your spirits are teas'd,

And like Fribble you fly in a passion.

Had Hogarth then, indeed,

Been alive, and in need

Of a subject for painting a fool,

In the Hall did I spy,

Nay distinctly descry,

The thing that to fashion's a tool.

While such ninnies as these

Are permitted to please,

Ladies cannot expect to succeed

To the title of wife,

The elysium of life,

But manhood must blush at the deed.

Such fine Jessamys sure,

Whose veins are so pure

To faint when a Venus appears;

For my sex I pronounce,

And without the least flounce,

'Tis from these we inherit our fears.

But

But I fly from my text ;

Mr. Q. I am vext,

Therefore dread my satirical vein ;

And no more of your wit,

Tho' the cap it did fit,

Left you find me a woman in grain.

Yet before I conclude,

You'll perhaps think me rude ;

May Parliament grant such an act,

That such delicate tits

As hermaphrodite wits

May never in wedlock contract !

But as monkeys we see

Skip and dance from each tree,

Admiring the phiz of each other ;

May such fops with them feed,

Both engender and breed,

Nor dare salute Man as a brother !

M A R C I A.

To Mr. GABRIEL WATKIN,

WHO WISHED TO PRESERVE, AT HIS DEATH, HIS BODY
FROM PUTREFACTION.

HONEST Gabriel, I find,

You're a man to my mind,

So I'll give you this piece of advice :

When you next dig a grave,

Your sweet body to save,

Pray don't be so sensibly nice.

If you wish to preserve

Every fibre and nerve,

To be view'd by anatomists here ;

I would then recommend,

To a glass-house to send

For a bottle remarkably clear,

Of a size that when fill'd

With strong liquor distill'd,

Your body may safely be lodg'd in ;

And then send for a quill,

To indite the last Will

Of honest old GABRIEL WATKIN.

After ev'ry bequest,

Be this your behest :

To be fix'd in this bottle upright ;

Then be plac'd in the church,

Leave the worms in the lurch,

And your neighbours will flock to the sight.

But

But I'd almost forgot,
 As you're never to rot,
 And the liquor in time will decrease;
 Why, you jolly old spark,
 Leave the Sexton and Clerk
 A donation of Ten Pounds a-piece,
 On condition that they
 Will be sure ev'ry day
 To examine the bottle round;
 And if like to prove dry,
 They with spirits supply
 Your body from feet to the crown.
 But, hark ! my good friend,
 To my prayer attend,
 When you've taken your spirituous place !
 May your guardians be such
 Who the liquor won't touch,
 Lest they leave you in woeful disgrace :
 Like that fate which befell—
 But, oh ! dreadful to tell—
 When Death struck the Admiral mum * ;
 All the crew bung'd him up,
 But some long'd for a fup,
 So they tapp'd him and drank off the rum.

* Alluding to the Admiral who died abroad, and was put in a puncheon of rum to be brought to England ; when the sailors being short of spirituous liquors, bored holes in the vessel and drank the spirits, which they used to call " TAPPING the ADMIRAL."

ON

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD-MAN.

TIS o'er—the pomp of life is past,
 The good Old Man has breath'd his last.
 Tho' not possess'd of shining wealth,
 Yet fortune gave him friends and health;
 With two such blessings, and a wife,
 He travell'd thro' this mortal life:
 Religion's garb he wore sincere,
 And worshipp'd God, but not from fear;
 As conscience spoke, the Christian acted,
 And outward duties ne'er neglected.
 He was created in an hour
 A noble Lord*, by Fancy's power;
 Yet far unlike the modern Peer,
 For he was honest, just, sincere.
 Thus dignified, his mind at ease,
 Each action never fail'd to please;
 Good-humour shone throughout his face,
 But, Courtier-like, he sought a PLACE†,
 Friendship that seldom fails the just,
 Who ne'er betray'd a sacred trust,
 Succeeded soon—my Lord was blest'd,
 Each Brother, Sister, him carest'd;
 Awhile he toil'd, awhile he fed,
 Till Death convey'd him home to bed.

* He was nicknamed *Lord*.

† An hospital's place.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN ONE OF THE VOLUMES
OF FORDYCE'S SERMONS,

IN THE POSSESSION OF A YOUNG LADY.

SERMONS in closets, as at church, we find,
Improve the beauty of the Fair-One's mind;
Mark out the paths of virtue to their view,
And vice discover in its blackest hue;
But Books like these were ne'er for you design'd,
To add instruction to th' instructed mind.

PRESENTED TO A LADY IN ROSS,

AFTER HER REPEATING POPE'S LINES ON THE
MAN OF ROSS.

THE MAN OF ROSS the Poet sung,

With truth he charm'd the ear ;
The Son of Charity's kind tongue
Resounded far and near.

But sure, had Pope existed now,
He ne'er had partial been ;
For where's the Bard to man would bow,
If PROSSER he had seen.

Did I possess that happy vein,
To please without a gloss,
My Muse should sing in rapt'rous strain
The WIDOW now of Ross.

D

To

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE
 SERMONS IN THE
 TATTLING LADY.

RAIL on, thou haughty Goddess, rail,
 But still remember, Nature's frail :
 Prudence at present bids me fly,
 For sweet Retaliation's nigh.
 As Sampson, with ferocious dart,
 Pluck'd forth the savage lion's heart ;
 So, when again my virtue's stung,
 Will I pluck out your venom'd tongue.

THE INTERROGATORIES.

TELL me, Astrea, Goddess kind,
 The worst of passions in mankind ;
 And shew me, Justice, if you can,
 The worst of characters in man ?
 The Goddess answers, " Lose or win,
 " Gambling produces every sin ;
 " With rapid strides from bad to worse,
 " It soon completes the Gamester's curse."

The

The RESOLUTION.

FAREWELL Quadrille, thou sweet deluding game,
Parent of slander, female sex's shame !

Musick in future shall my senses drown,
And cushion dances moonlight evenings crown ;
I'll figure in and out with any Lads,
Tho' men of figure set me down an Ass.

The DOUBTFUL ASTRONOMER.

QUOTH Philip to Crispin, "I dreamt t'other night,
" To the region above I had taken my flight ;
" When such fountains of beauty appear'd unto me
" In those clusters of Stars thick as sands in the sea ;
" Such an exquisite glare met the eye of my mind,
" Infomuch ever since I've been totally blind :
" However, I travell'd thro' all the fix'd Stars,
" Thro' Jupiter, Mercury, Venus, and Mars ;
" But the moment I enter'd the Saturnine plains,
" My senses were numb'd, and quite frozen my brains.
" The shock soon compell'd me to start from my bed,
" I 'woke, and a vacuum found in my head ;

" Since which I have doubted the light of the Sun,
 " And yet my DOUBTS * seem as if only begun ;
 " For no ocular proofs will convince me again,
 " That Newton and Halley were sensible men."

TO QUADRILLE PLAYERS.

YE talkative females, who sport at Quadrille,
 And never ask leave if your tongues can lie still,
 Who slander from practice—ill natur'dly rail,
 For once be attentive, that truth may prevail.
 You deal out the cards, and you deal out detraction.
 No neighbour escapes you while Basto's in action.
 If perchance on a man a young female should smile,
 She's vicious—immodest—her mind full of guile ;
 Tho' Fame speaks her innocent, virtuous and chaste,
 Yet a vile inuendo is aim'd at her waist.
 I write not from fiction, but matter of fact ;
 As you slander in future, the Muse shall correct.

THE FAIR JILT.

WHEN first I view'd fair ANNA's face,
 I thought her all divine ;
 Such lovely charms and pleasing grace !
 I bow'd at Beauty's shrine.

* Alluding to the publication of " Astronomical Doubts."

But

But scarce six months had taken flight,
 Before a change did rise,
 And she who seem'd an angel bright,
 Appear'd without disguise.

So did the glitt'ring Serpent leer
 With winning smiles of love ;
 But when he conquer'd, did appear
 A Devil, not a Dove.

Learn hence, ye swains, the Maid to prize
 Who knows no art or guile,
 And shun the Angel in disguise,
 Who murders with a smile.

ON OBSERVING THE PLANET VENUS THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

NEWTON! thou Parent of a studious hour,
 When Nature taught the philosophic pow'r,
 What secret pleasure, what delightful joy,
 Possess'd thy mind amidst the vast employ?
 NEWTON replies : " The same sensation you
 " Receiv'd, when Venus glitter'd to your view ;
 " REFLECTION—which for ever will delight,
 " When objects live upon the ravish'd sight."

THE POLITICAL BATCHELOR.

YOUNG Colin was bold, and dar'd think of a wife ;

But Fortune, who never forsook him thro' life,
Cry'd, " Hold, my dear son, if you'd figure a Rover,
" Don't marry the wench, tho' you tenderly love her ;
" From wedlock secure, you have nothing to fear,
" For in love, as in politics, Liberty's dear."

THE UNFORTUNATE BLOW.

AS Cleora the gay, with her dear at her side,
Were parading the Rooms * with ridiculous pride,
Madam broke out aloud in a fit of ambition,
" No woman of spirit, whate'er her condition,
" Will e'er be confin'd to one place for a season ;"
So begg'd that her Deary would hearken to reason,
And fly to partake of diversions she saw
At Tunbridge, at Weymouth, and Scarborough Spa.
The dotard consented to humour his wife,
As fools always do in the conjugal life ;
Then with arms wide-extended he ran to enfold her,
When a bailiff clapp'd spoufy a BLOW on the
shoulder.

* At Margate.

THE

THE TRANSLATORS.

OCCASIONED BY PART OF A NEWS-PAPER BEING
FILLED WITH TRANSLATIONS OF LATIN EPIGRAMS.

SAYS Roger to Dick, while reading the Paper,
When return'd from the plough, by the light of a
taper,

“ Here's no varses, Dick, but the corner is fill'd

“ With some outlandish lingo, that's double-distill'd.”

Now Dick, who was wiser than all in the village,

And learning lov'd better than Roger lov'd tillage,

Cry'd, “ You ignorant blockhead, why sure you are

“ mad !

“ They are Latin translations of Epigrams, lad :

“ Divinity, Physic, and Law, have sat down

“ To puzzle themselves, and to puzzle the town.”

“ Oh ! oh !” (quoth the clown with his sneer and his
jest)

“ If the translating Lawyer, the Doctor, and Priest,

“ Would attend to the study of what they profess,

“ Each might shine in his sphere with expected success,

“ And we might be pleas'd ; but necessity sues—

“ They wish to TRANSLATE themselves out of
“ the News.”

MODERN

MODERN COURAGE.

FRIEND PISTOL, next time you are tweak'd by
the nose,

To the public aver you were caught in a doze ;
,Tis the best and most politic way you can take,
To prove you were dreaming - however awake.
But when you're attack'd, tho' convinc'd you are right,
Always challenge a man who you know will not fight.

THE 'SQUIRE'S DECLARATION,

IF to dance be genteel, I am doom'd to despair,
No Nymph will poor TONY e'er face ;
To be laugh'd at by ev'ry impertinent Fair,
Ye Swains, what a shameful disgrace !

In the prime of my youth, had my parents been kind,
And not taught me to figure and write,
But improv'd my fine person instead of my mind,
Then dancing had been my delight.

With other grown folk, I will yet go to school,
A proficient in dancing to make ;
I'll be sneer'd at no more for a card-playing fool,
But foot it about at the wake.

EX TEMPORES.

ON FINDING A YOUNG LADY ASLEEP;

HOW happy she who sleeps at ease,
While ev'ry vision seems to please !
Conscience secures her balmy rest,
Thus all her virtues seem confest.

ON SEEING A LADY FEED A FAVOURITE CAT FROM
HER MOUTH.

TO Flora's lips the fav'rite flies,
To taste ambrosial meat ;
Gods ! how I view'd with envious eyes
The Epicurean treat.

ON A ROYAL MARRIAGE.

HE saw the lovely Mira rise,
Rubies below her price ;
He grasp'd—and caught the lovely prize ;
Thus Virtue conquer'd Vice.

THE SEPARATION.

IN parting, lovers strive in vain
Each other to excel :
Can Man conceive the mortal pain,
On bidding each farewell ?

THE POLITICAL PRINTER.

CONFINEMENT's a jewel, cries patriot Ned,
When printing is dying, and Liberty dead ;
I'll e'en get secur'd, resolv'd not to pass
For a timid, impartial, and pliable Afs.

THE FALSE FAIR.

WITH Chloe, the young and the fair,
From morning to night do I toy ;
One minute no happier pair,
The other she's peevish and coy.

Young Cupid no more shall intrude,
My heart to some other shall rove ;
I'll leave the coquette, jilt, and prude,
To the fool who is dying for love.

ON THE DEATH OF ———.

SHE'as breath'd her last, resign'd to Fate,
Ambition's caught a fall :
Much happier for the British State,
Had she ne'er breath'd at all.

PUT IN THE KEYHOLE OF A CHURCH-DOOR ON THE
FAST IN 1779.

O H ! enter not this sacred place
Without humanity or grace,
For sure 'tis blasphemy to pray
In such a cause on such a day.

WROTE UNDER THE SIGN OF THE TURNPIKE-GATE.
WHO stops at this Gate may be said
To have some brains within his head,
Knowing the toll he payeth here
Is thrice repaid him in good cheer.

THE DISAGREEABLE SMILE.
WHEN first struck with the sight of fair Silvia the
grave,
Her charms were so binding they fix'd me her slave ;
Yet so great is the contrast betwixt her and me,
That whenever she smiles I am sure to be free.

ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY INFANT.

GOD view'd the gasping cherub from the skies,
Then claim'd from Death his sweet angelic prize.

WROTE ON SIR H. P.'S BREAST WHEN HUNG IN EFFIGY.

WITH eyes impartial, Britons, view
The figure of the BRAVE Sir Hugh;
Then say, if one throughout the nation
Like him deserves such EXALTATION.

A THOUGHT IN 1781.

OUR present Constitution's like
A filthy, noxious, muddy, dyke,
Where ev'ry venal wretch in pow'r
Adds fullage to it ev'ry hour.

THE DISAPPOINTED ALDERMAN.

HE mumbles, grumbles, mouths, and chews the cud;
He grunts like swine when wallowing in their mud:
Forgive me, Wisdom, for a thought so low,
But cocks who conquer flutter, strut, and crow.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S COMMON-PRAYER-
BOOK.

WHEN duty calls the Fair to church
T' adore her Maker's name,
Swains will attend to ogle such,
Regardless of their fame.

The

The coquette there displays her charms,
And darts her eyes around ;
The jilt and prude, affecting qualms,
Within its walls are found.

Were ev'ry fair-one's thoughts divine
Within the sacred place,
No coxcomb's drefs would e'er incline
Th' attracting FLORA's face

To ogle, smile, and gaze on Man,
Whose mind's so very light,
Far lighter than the toy her fan,
Which hides her blushing fight.

How different is my HEBE's line !
When worship is her duty,
Her thoughts are all intire divine,
And God her greatest beauty.

FAMILY PRIDE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

TOBY FUZ of this city, a man of renown,
Who swept all the chimneys of country and town,
One ev'ning espy'd, to his utter disgrace,
His daughter, an infant, receive an embrace

From

From the son of a Scavenger—who was at play
 With Miss MOLLY FUZ—but just over the way.
 The ebony mortal flew into a passion,
 And attack'd thus, with fury, his daughter of fashion :
 “ Get out of my fight, you degenerate Miss,
 “ My family never was sullied till this !
 “ Away to your garret—remember the switch,
 “ And play with your equals in future – you bitch.”

T H E A S S E S.

AS sure as variety pleases the Lasses,
 So sure many cities produce many Asses.
 And the first that occurs is th' Enthusiast Ass,
 Who tho' starving, yet gives to the poor as they pass.
 The next is a thing which is seen in a shop,
 Some call him a Tradesman, and others a Fop ;
 But I term him an Ass, who his business forsakes
 For Concerts, Assemblies, and Country Wakes.
 In the unmeaning features of Alderman BRASS
 You may trace out an ignorant, impudent Ass.
 Of Asses there's legions—the stupid and witty,
 The obdurate, pliable, ugly, and pretty :
 But of all most despis'd thro' this troublesome life,
 Is the Ass who is hen-peck'd and rul'd by his wife.

A B U S E.

A B U S E.

AS an honest old Farmer was riding to Town,
One accosted him thus : " Why, you damn'd country
" clown,
" You rascal, you villain, you scoundrel, you brute,
" How dare you to meet me without a salute !"
The Farmer reply'd, with a frown and a sneer,
" From such Coxcombs as you I have nothing to
" fear :"
Then brandish'd his whip, when the Genius of Spight
Clapp'd spurs to his steed, and rode off in a fright.

THE MILITIAMEN.

AS ROGER and DICK were a-lounging together,
One praising his Stockings, the other his Feather ;
A wag thus accosted them : " Surely, my friends,
" It was Folly, not Wisdom, that garnish'd your ends.
" Excuse me—so warlike — but faith I must laugh ;
" One covers the Head, and the other the Calf !"

THE

THE OLD MAID.

MISS DINAH, a virgin of thirty-and-five,
 By constantly crying was scarcely alive ;
 Her cheeks, where the roses once bloom'd to excess,
 Were faded beyond what the Muse can express.
 The Doctor attempted by water to prove,
 That her crying was owing to crosses in love ;
 But ROBIN the coachman, athletic and stout,
 Swore she'd never leave crying until she CRY'D OUT.
 Miss DINAH took ROBIN for life to endure,
 And nine months effected a radical cure.

PLAIN TRUTH.

SAYS a Lady, well known for her turbulent spirit,
 To her conjugal Partner, a scholar of merit,
 " I protest, Mr. PEDANT, the word TRANSPORTATION
 " The meaning conveys of the term EXPORTATION ;
 " And therefore how comes it so wrong and absurd,
 " For scholars to alter the sense of the word ?
 " But tho' right, I would have your opinion, my dear,
 " And expect you'll deliver it frank and sincere."
 With a deal of good-humour he instant reply'd,
 " They materially differ in meaning, my bride :
 " For instance, my Dearest, should you be EXPORTED,
 " Your conjugal Partner would quite be TRAN-
 " SPORTED."

THE FINAL VISIT.

A DOCTOR of fame in the physical line
 Was a constant attendant on LADY CARMINE,
 Whose crabbed ill-humours were sure to arise,
 Whene'er he presented himself to her eyes ;
 He was either too soon—or else was too late,
 In short, she incurr'd his displeasure and hate.
 One morning the Doctor, not quite to the hour,
 Perceiv'd that her Ladyship 'gan to wax sour ;
 When patience, a virtue we all must admire,
 Flew swift from his breast, and he instant took fire :
 “ Zounds, Madam, your whole composition is rue,
 “ He's a blockhead who says I've a PATIENT in you ;
 “ I came to prescribe for your DISTEMPER, Ma'am,
 “ YOUR TEMPER the Devil himself cannot tame.”
 Then he bounc'd to his chariot with wig all askew,
 Nor once thought of bidding my Lady adieu.

THE HUMANE PHYSICIAN.

ONE dismal rainy winter's night,
 Dark as despair, a sturdy Wight
 In chaise and pair drove like Jehu,
 At dead of eve to DOCTOR RUE.
 The clown, indecent, loudly cries,
 “ Get up, good Sir, my Father dies.”

F

The

The Doctor wak'd, but told the knave,
 He'd not turn out the King to save ;
 When lo ! his wife, a gentle dame,
 Cry'd, " Doctor, Doctor, rise, for shame !"
 " Nay, do, my love, let me persuade,
 " Or all your laurels quickly fade :
 " For once be guided by your wife,
 " How pleasing 'tis to save a life !"
 Uxorious GALEN, conquer'd, rose,
 And, grumbling fore, put on his clothes.
 Eftsoons the chaise he bounces in,
 The horses fly thro' thick and thin.
 When twelve long miles they'd left behind,
 He silence broke, and ask'd the Hind
 How long his Father had been ill ?
 " I dan't know, Sir," crys whim'ring WILL.
 " What's his complaint ?" " Ise never knew."
 " How old is he ?" " Full ninety-two."
 " Full ninety-two ! Stop, John," he cries ;
 " Get out, you whelp, if you are wise."
 The door he opes, out jumps the Lout ;
 " Driver, this instant put about ;
 " Convey me home again to bed,
 " For sure 'tis time the dog was dead."

THE RETORT.

SIR BUGLE O-WHISTLE one evening invited
 The Parson, in whom all the parish delighted,
 To sup with his Honour.— Old **ORTHODOX** went,
 And the visit with mirth and good-humour was spent:
 But just as the Gownman had call'd for his groom,
 The younger **Sir BUGLE** appear'd in the room.
 Now Nature had been so unkind to the Lad,
 As to fix him a dwarf, with a countenance sad:
 When the good-natur'd Parson, not dreaming of fun,
 Ask'd, "What he intended to make of his son?"
 "A Light for to lighten the Gentiles, you fool,
 "Shall he be," said **Sir BUGLE**, "when done with the
 school."
 "If you do," says the Parson, "you must set my young
 spark
 "On a SAVEALL, or, zounds, I am sure he'll be dark.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL KNIGHT.

SIR WILLIAM, a true Constitutional Knight,
 Whom no Courtier could bribe, nor no mandate affright,
 In the course of his canvas fell in with a Peer,
 When he begg'd that his Lordship would not interfere
 With the right of election, but neuter remain,
 Lest Justice his virtue and honour should stain.
 Says the Peer, "Dear **Sir WILLIAM**, my interest is thine,
 "And you know I've a deal in the family line;

" In Parliament, too, you shall have my advice ;
 " Sir ROBERT with truth said, ' We all have our price.'
 " Your Lordship I thank," cry'd the Knight in a pet,
 " But I'm not to be caught in Venality's net ;
 " As much of your INTEREST as you can trace,
 " But your PRINCIPLES, Lord, I will never embrace."

T H E M I S E R.

OLD HIRCO, the Miser, was taken so ill,
 As to find no relief from the physical pill ;
 When frozen with horror, he roars for his chest,
 Vainly hoping by gifts to recover his rest :
 Then calling his sons he examin'd the hoard,
 And worshipp'd once more the dear pelf he ador'd.
 This done, he divided his ill-gotten store
 Between William and John, and Susan his whore :
 But just on his shutting the provident place,
 Two fifty-pound notes star'd him full in the face.
 " Here ill, take these notes, each for fifty you see,
 " And burn them, my boy, they'll be no use to thee.
 " The first loan I lent to Old Yarico's son,
 " He is dead, my dear Lad, and to HEAVEN is gone ;
 " But a rogue had the last, and oh ! shocking to tell,
 " He cheated me, Will, and is surely in HELL."
 " Nay, Father," cry'd Billy, " the notes I will keep,
 " Till Nature hath laid you completely asleep ;
" And

" And then in your coffin I'll put them with care,
 " Left you should not be happy wherever you are;
 " So if either to HEAVEN or HELL you should go,
 " Fifty pounds you'll be sure of to lessen your woe."

E P I T A P H S.

ON THE REV. MR. GOSTLING, AUTHOR OF A WALK,
&c. ROUND CANTERBURY.

HE walk'd uprightly—Reader, say,
 Who would not wish to walk that way?
 His walk now finish'd—Reader, tell,
 Who would not wish to walk as well.

ON AN AMIABLE SISTER.

IF youthful innocence, with sweetness join'd,
 E'er bloom'd triumphant in a virtuous mind,
 Here rests that innocence;—belov'd by all,
 Cropp'd in the flow'r of life, and doom'd to fall
 To rise again with glory, to receive
 Th' impartial judgment which her God will give.

ON A TENDER MOTHER.

READER, for once bestow a pitying tear,
 And learn from her what Christians ought to bear;
 Tho' many months her body knew no ease,
 Her mind remain'd unsullied by disease.
 Fair Hope and Patience never from her fled,
 Repining Vice ne'er wish'd to rear her head;
 She bore Affliction's scourge till God above
 Bade Death convey her to the realms of Love.

ON

ON MISS ANNE CLARKE, LATE OF WACTON,
HEREFORDSHIRE.

A Rose just budded, sickens, fades, and dies!
Near to this sacred place fair Anna lies,
Oft have I seen her lead the mirthful dance,
Dealing destruction in each killing glance.
Oh! say, ye Mourners, why untimely Death
Cropt this fair flower and stopt the rosy breath?
Pensive and sad each drooping swain is seen,
Watering with tears the late so festive green;
'Till Damon found fair Reason's pleasing light,
And quick reply'd, "Whatever is, is right."

ON THE DEATH OF W. P. OF CANTERBURY, A
QUAKER, AGED 85.

SERENE he pass'd the vale of Life,
Unknown to Discontent and Strife;
Humility's plain garb he wore;
All were his Neighbours, rich and poor;
A temperate habit gave him health,
Industrious labour brought him wealth;
Religion's spirit clasp'd him fast,
And gave him comfort at the last;
In short, for innocence and love,
He liv'd a lamb and dy'd a dove.

ON A DIMINUTIVE LADY, FOND OF DETRACTION.

LITTLE Ma'am SLY lies under this stone,
 And an excellent bitch she was at a bone ;
 Not a bone you conceive, but a bone of contention,
 Which she'd gnaw so voracious, without a prevention,
 That e'en now she is seeking a bone for to pick
 With the Devil himself—so be careful, Old Nick.

ON A FRIEND.

IN him sincerity, with native ease,
 Conspicuous shone, his num'rous friends to please :
 He shunn'd the hypocrite, and only sought
 The man whose words were echoes to his thought :
 Honest his heart, and candid was his mind,
 His friendship firm, and resolutely kind.
 “ A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief's a rod,”
 “ An honest Man's the noblest work of God.”

ON AN UNFORTUNATE PAIR.

FOR years we liv'd a happy life,
 A husband kind, and tender wife ;
 One lovely girl and dimpled boy
 Completed our extatic joy ;
 Thus blest'd supreme—'till that vile dame
 Curs'd FOLLY on a visit came :
 Before nine summers scarce had flew,
 Our rosemary was chang'd to rue ;
 But now kind Death hath thrown his dart,
 And join'd us — never more TO PART.

T H E

KENTISH CRICKETERS:

In Answer to a PARODY on CHEVY CHASE, intituled,

SURRY TRIUMPHANT:

OR, THE

KENTISH-MEN'S DEFEAT.

IN Times like these, when Vice can rear
Her pois'nous crest—make Virtue fear;
When hungry Lords are daily known
To swarm like locusts o'er the town,
Eager to grasp the golden prize,
As Folly blinds the Gamester's eyes;
When the degenerate, thoughtless Peer,
Unus'd to think, untaught to fear,
Despises Man, blasphemes his God,
And rules mankind with iron rod;
Studies, by specious arts, to prove,
How dear he holds his country's love;
Flatters and fawns to gain that prize
An honest Briton would despise:

In Times like these, when Nature's laws
Perverted are—despis'd her cause—

Behold

Behold from school the virtuous youth
 Return with Candour, Honour, Truth ;
 Stranger to Vice, 'till Fortune's frown
 Summon'd the Hero up to town ;
 Deceiving, gilded sons of Dress
 Soon taught him Fashion's soft cares :
 Now prostrate bent at Folly's throne,
 He stamps her vices for his own ;
 Struts forth in variegated taste,
 A coat just reaching to his waist ;
 Wool, hair, and tail—unnat'ral shape !
 So like the MIMIC to its Ape,
 That monkies chain'd in every shop
 Chatter, and seem to know the Fop :

In Times like these, when Commerce weeps,
 And English Credit soundly sleeps ;
 When courtly Merchants, bent to thrive,
 Keep Fraud and Flattery alive ;
 Lost to all sense of shame, they shun
 The honours their forefathers won ;
 And deal out cunning as their trade,
 To cheat the world in masquerade :

In Times like these, when manly fame
 Is too much center'd in a name ;
 When vile effeminacy reigns
 With timid blood in English veins,
 And coxcombs blush to find a man
 Whom Reason guides by Nature's plan :

G

When

When no athletic youths are seen
 'To walk triumphant o'er the green ;
 But every tender, gentle game
 Is suited to th' enervate frame
 Of batter'd beaus, and eke their cronies,
 Courageous Things, call'd **MACARONIES** :

My Muse, descriptive, bends her way,
 The Game of **CRICKET** to display,
 And place the laurel where 'tis due,
 Tho' graceless **PARODIES** ensue.

If toothless critics wish to know
 Why all this preface I bestow,
 Let them but view good sense in man,
 Then justly blame me, if they can.

Fair Kent, long fam'd for men of skill,
 Whom Nature form'd to climb the hill,
 Descend the vale with rapid flight,
 And shine heroic men of might,
 Agreed a Cricket-Match to play
 With Surry-men, as fam'd as they.

In that warm season of the year
 Which brings the Lion in its sphere ;
 Before the golden shocks of corn
 That gild the vales of **Bishopborne**
 Were pil'd by the laborious hind,
 To ease the anxious farmer's mind,

The

The matchless Combatants were seen
 In milk-white vestments on the green ;
 Where the smooth Turf was laid complete
 Before its rural CHIEF's retreat ;
 Where the sweet lawn, with shady trees
 Encompass'd round, invites the breeze ;
 The chearful prospect of the grove,
 So fully form'd for past'ral love,
 The tow'ring hill, and neighb'ring vale,
 The winding stream of the canal —
 But view the scene !—Description fails,
 And Nature o'er the pen prevails.

With haste from far a myriad came,
 To see the rough Herculean Game ;
 Gents, Nobles, Squires, and Captains, view,
 Priests, Lawyers, Doctors, Rabble, too,
 With eager steps, in groupes, to see
 What rustics term their JUBILEE.

Beneath the shelter'd, shady tent
 I spy'd the pleasing MAID of KENT * ;
 In whom the mental beauties shine,
 And Candour speaks her all divine :
 External beauty seems to me
 Like blossoms with'ring on the tree.

* Miss K——.

But now the throng on ev'ry side
 At Taylor's * gentle nod divide ;
 And as they yield, expand the way,
 To give the Combatants their play :
 Tho' rough his manner, Justice proves
 Meek-ey'd Humanity he loves.

Lumpey † appears, before whose eye
 And nervous arm the wickets fly,
 Calls for the Kentish-men to play,
 For Miller, Simmons, Louch, and May.

Fortune by lot to Surrey gave
 The ground their ardor wish'd to have ;
 Far from the Bowler's usual stand
 They pitch'd the wickets for their hand ;
 Tho' Reason urg'd her plaintive song
 To prove the Surrey sportsmen wrong.

And now, kind TRUTH, thou candid maid,
 Lend me thy just descriptive aid ;
 Nor let my Genius bold disgrace
 The noble Song of CHEVY CHACE ;
 But let my steps thy paths pursue,
 And give to Merit all her due.

* A person employed by Sit Horace Mann to keep
 the company from intruding on the players.

† Stevens, alias Lumpey, a Surrey Cricketer, esteemed
 the best Bowler in England.

First

First Miller came, who stands confest
 Of England's Cricketers the best ;
 With skilful aim, and manly strength,
 To pitch the Ball its proper length ;
 Will run, stop, throw, and catch, at will,
 And act each part with equal skill :
 Nor will he ever fail to please
 Who plays the game with skilful ease.
 View him but fix'd with Bat in hand,
 With easy care, his great command
 Will send the leathern globe o'er all,
 Tho' Lumpey bowl'd the steady Ball.

See next enroll'd for skilful fame
 Dorsetta's Lord, of ducal name ;
 Equall'd by few, he plays with glee,
 Nor peevish seeks for victory.
 His Grace for bowling will not yield
 To one—but Lumpey in the field :
 And far unlike the modern way
 Of blocking ev'ry Ball at play,
 He firmly stands with Bat upright,
 And strikes with Art's athletic might ;
 Repels the Ball's inverted speed,
 And scores Six Notches for the deed.

Indulge me, Readers, with a thought :
 How great the blessing to be taught,
 That sweet content and rural sport
 Exceeds the dissipated Court !

The

The man whose actions gain applause,
By keeping sacred England's laws,
Is he who shuns th' insidious tribe,
Who dare to tend the venal bribe !

Swift-footed Simmons ne'er will yield
To man, whene'er he skims the field :
Close to the Wicket now he stands,
With piercing eye and anxious hands,
Eager to catch the with'd-for prize,
And heave the captive to the skies.
View him now swiftly fly the plain,
Quickly o'er take the foe again,
And instantaneous hurl it back,
Intent to gain th' immortal stake :
All, all must own who saw the feat—
Of Field's-men he's the most compleat.

Sir Horace Mann with justice may
Be term'd the hero of the play :
His gen'rous temper will support
The manly Game's delectant sport ;
And few there are that play the Game
Who merit a superior name ;
He strikes with judgement, throws to please,
And stops the speedy Ball with ease.

Davis, who loves a Game of Cricket,
(And shines whene'er he keeps the Wicket)

The

The next appears. With manly mien
 He firmly treads the slipp'ry green ;
 And if by chance a noble Peer
 Should mount a Ball with swift career,
 Davis so flies and grasps the same *,
 That Surrey must allow him fame.

Hussey is active, catches well,
 And as a Field's-man will excell.
 Fate cannot ever smile on all,
 The best may miss the flatt'ring Ball.

Dick May for Bowling ; and his brother
 That scarce for Batting such another,
 With Louch and Pattenden appear,
 And Wood of Seale brings up the rear.

And now the Umpires take their stand,
 To aid Decision's timid hand ;
 Whilst underneath a shady tree
 The Notcher's fix'd, the runs to see.

Palmer, a skilful Surrey-man,
 With easy Stone the game began ;
 Long did they hit, when Stone grew pale,
 To see his Grace dislodge the Bale :
 And soon we heard a general shout,
 For Davis had caught Palmer out.

* Mr. Davis caught his Grace the Duke of Dorset out.

But when the Kentish-men went in,
Reason confess'd they could not win;
For honest Lumpey did allow
He could not pitch but o'er a brow:
And Kentish Sportsmen said, that they
Deep in a HOLE could never play:
So Surry did the victory gain
By Lumpey, Fortune, Art, and Rain.

His Grace convinc'd, on level ground
No Surrey Sportsmen could be found
To triumph o'er the Sons of Kent,
Bravely another challenge sent,
To try once more the dubious Game,
And snatch the laurels of their fame.

The Surrey heroes, who remain'd
Flush'd with the conquest they had gain'd,
And doubting not but Fortune still
Would pitch the Wickets to their will,
Disdain'd the challenge to decline,
And vow'd to meet them at the Vine*.

But when th' approaching time grew near,
Each CRICKETER shew'd signs of fear:
So gallant heroes of renown,
Ere they attempt to storm a town,
Turn pale, and almost quarter crave,
'Till action makes the warriors brave.

* A place belonging to the Duke of Dorset, called
Sevenoak-Vine.

And

And now the parties take the field,
 Eager to make each other yield.
 But, oh, dire omen ! Surrey found,
 Fortune gave Kent the choice of ground ;
 And Simmons sallied forth to pace
 The level turf, the fairest place :
 Candor the Kentish Sportsman taught
 To pitch the wickets as he ought.

The Heroes stripp'd for play prepare,
 Victorious Fame their manly care :
 The game for some time even ran,
 When ev'ry art of ev'ry man,
 As bowling, batting, catching, running,
 And throwing, stopping, watchful cunning,
 Were us'd by all the Surrey train,
 The glorious victory to gain.

Now MILLER shew'd superior skill,
 By striking LUMPEY's balls at will,
 Who fore fatigu'd could hold no longer,
 But fought a Bowler somewhat stronger,
 One who by practice was inur'd
 To that dear virtue Job endur'd :
 And WHITE was he. But wily Fate
 Pronounc'd that patience was too late ;
 For he declar'd with features sad,
 " Whene'er HE bowl'd the game was bad."
 Experience prov'd the sentence true,
 Soon, soon his brethren's courage flew,

H —

And

And fought no more th' enamell'd plain,
Where long they bowl'd, but bowl'd in vain.

MILLER determin'd not to quit
His bat while he had strength to hit,
And vow'd no Surrey's skilful son
Should put him out, 'till he had won
The noble match, and prov'd with ease,
That KENT can conquer when they please.

Soon did proud Surrey's short-liv'd fame
Strike to the victors of the game,
Whose loud huzzas did pierce the sky,
In shouting " Kent and Victory !"
" Surrey to Kent must ever yield !"
Were echo'd thro' the embattled field.

The vanquish'd sportsmen now retreat,
And place the laurel at the feet
Of KENTISH CRICKETERS ; who gain
Immortal credit on the plain,
Whene'er they play that skilful game,
Which leaves them triumph, joy, and fame.

Ye manly sons of lovely Kent,
Who seek diversions and content ;
Say what delight repletes the breast
Where innocence lives confest ;
How great the blessing to enjoy
Amusements which can never cloy !

View but the Drunkard as he reels,
 And ask next morning what he feels ;
 He'll tell you pain succeeds the pleasure,
 As Misers when they lose their treasure.
 The Libertine, with lawless aid,
 Now ogles Nature's simple Maid,
 'Till by his oaths he triumphs o'er
 The virtue he can ne'er restore.
 Disease approaches ; but, too late !
 Repentant tears bespeak his fate.
 The Gambler, too, with restless care,
 Seeks out the rich illiterate heir,
 Robs him of all his golden pelf,
 Wastes it—and then destroys himself.

If parts superior do consist
 In playing well a game at whist,
 Or any other game we find
 Recorded in a Gambler's mind ;
 If obscene language, profanation,
 Now the fashion thro' the nation,
 Can stamp the man—a Genius fine,
 Then Bucks and Bloods must surely shine.

Methinks I hear stern Virtue cry,
 “ Ye Sons of known Debauchery,
 “ Go, vicious wretches, one and all
 “ Riot with ease at Nature's call ;
 “ Despise the sober man's advice,
 “ Bid Virtue fly, and welcome Vice ;
 “ Be gay, and let your greatest share

“ Of folly lie in losing care ;
 “ Make all your midnight revels known
 “ To ev’ry watchman in the town ;
 “ And frequent (when your passions suit)
 “ Houses well-fam’d for ill-repute ;
 “ When reeling home, and full of glee,
 “ Break ev’ry window that you see,
 “ Pass an affront on all you meet,
 “ Huzza vociferous thro’ the street.
 “ Ye Jolly Dogs, ye Hearts at Ease,
 “ Such actions cannot fail to please.
 “ But if some sneaking sober Cit
 “ Should dare let fly his sterling wit,
 “ And aim to strike at Folly’s * mark
 “ By words ironical or dark——
 “ Tell him, you’re born to tread on laws,
 “ That all your actions gain applause.”

WRITTEN AT BROMYARD, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1780.
 THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM:
 A SONG.

ONE evening in May at the * Arms of the King,
 The Muse in good-humour with rapture will sing
 Of a learned dispute which arose in the night,
 And ended, ye Gods, in a clerical fight.
 Up and down, &c.

* A public-house in Bromyard.

Seven Britons were met o'er some excellent ale,
Not Northern, but Ancient, themselves to regale ;
Good-nature was seen in the features of all,
'Till a sentence was utter'd as bitter as gall, &c.

For scarce had twelve tankards of roaring dilution
Perform'd indistinctly their true revolution,
When a battle began, tho' to tell I am loth,
For the whole of the Champions were of the cloth, &c.

First a young Parson rose of a delicate shape,
With a head like a snow-ball, a face like an ape,
The stare of a clown, and the eyes of a ferret,
And vow'd that "hurself was a scholar of merit, &c.

" That Homer and Virgil hur constantly read,
" And ever at school was reputed the head ;
" So that none dare to doubt of hur classical knowledge,
" For hur whole education had sprung from a college,
 &c.

Then hur swore by St. David, and not by St. Paul,
" That hur wish'd no connection with clergy at all,
" Unless they could prove an immediate descension
" From dignified mitres, who make a convention," &c.

Such doctrine offended the Orthodox round,
Whose minds, like their ale, were thoroughly found ;
When young * Touchwood took fire, and quickly arose,
And address'd thus the wretch, while he threw off his
 clothes, &c.

* An honest Welch Curate.

" Thou

“ Thou disgrace to the gown,” and then gave him a
plump

Just under his ribs and a kick on the rump,

“ Begone from our fight, and no more of your sneers,

“ Left, an afs without brains, you’re an afs without
ears, &c.

Now flew in a passion young Dilberry Crankum,
Who serves not the pigs but the people of Pencomb ;
Yet thinking the best part of valour discretion,
He spun round the parlour imploring protection, &c.

“ No quarter, no quarter,” young Touchwood reply’d,
“ Believe me, thou Caitiff, I’ll humble thy pride ;”
When Crankum he made a dead point at the stairs,
While the rest of the Parsons were saying their pray’rs,
&c.

But the door it was fasten’d, so to it they set,
Like lions or tygers or lambs when they met.
And now ’tis incumbent the hearer to tell,
How bravely they fought and how bravely they fell, &c.

Fer in less than a second the battle was won
By the courage and skill of Cadwallader’s Son,
Who in kicking and cuffing was too much for Crankum,
Whose black eyes and bruises were carried to Pencomb,
&c.

* A parish in Herefordshire.

But

But to shew that young Touchwood was true to his mate,
 'The jorum of liquid he pour'd on his pate,
 And anointed Saint David, I swear it by Foley,
 With the water of clergy, which surely is holy, &c.
 Thus ended this innocent bloody affray;
 But as no lives were lost, so will none rue the day;
 Tho' the Bishop of He—f—d wish'd from his soul,
 'That the Coroner's Inquest had sat on the whole, &c.
 Now let ev'ry Briton of liberty boast,
 And with rapture push round this canonical toast:
 May we ever have Clergy when wrong or when right,
 Full of GRACE who will pray, and will GRACEFULLY
 fight.

Occasioned by an ITINERANT METHODIST preaching
 at STOURPORT, WORCESTERSHIRE, where he and his
 wretched Flock were deservedly anointed with the Con-
 tents of a PITCH-KETTLE by a BARGEMAN, in the
 Masqued Character of LUCIFER.

“ KIDDERMINSTER STUFF:”

A SONG.

A MENDICANT Saint, of itinerant fame,
 Descended from Pluto, APOLLYON * his name,
 In a vision of glory receiving a call,
 To Stourport repair'd, there to preach and to bawl.
 Derry down, down, &c.

* Patronis'd by the numerous Methodists in Kidderminster.

In fable Apollyon determin'd to preach,
That his clothes might agree with the works he should
teach ;

And at seven he mounted a hillock of clay,
Then with uplifted hands he began thus to bray :

“ Ye vilest of finners, unless ye subscribe
“ To the truths which I utter, and those of my tribe,
“ Not the blessings of Bishops will keep you awake ;
“ You'll be damn'd, I say damn'd, to the bottomless
lake.

“ What ! ye snivel, ye wretches ! I'll probe to the
quick,

“ You'll groan, and you'll gnash, and you'll shriek
with Old Nick :

“ For the lava which runs from Vesuvius's fall,
“ Is ice to the liquid prepar'd for you all.

“ If you mean to be happy, forsake Mother Church,
“ Leave the Rector, the Curate, and Clerk in the
lurch ;

“ Enlist in our flock : as you sow you will reap ;
“ For we are the innocent heavenly sheep.

“ We swear not at all, only lye now and then —
“ I mean with the women, as well with the MEN.
“ We rob not in public, that villainous plan,
“ Tho' in private we plunder as oft as we can.

“ The

“ The cardinal Virtues we wholly despise,
“ And Reason we banish away from our eyes ;
“ The sanctify'd Preacher we all do approve,
“ Who's a Devil internal, external a Dove.

“ 'Tis true that old women we fright into fits,
“ But in private have mercy on all the young tits ;
“ For our Love-feasts are harmony, pleasure, and joy,
“ And celestial beds, you know, never can cloy.

“ Therefore come, O ye sinners ! O come and be
 blest'd !

“ I'm inspired, indeed, and by Angels carest'd !”
When just as this blasphemy came from his heart,
The Devil in earnest appear'd in a cart.

The Preacher he trembled and dropp'd on his knees,
But Satan was not to be trick'd of his fees ;
So he whirl'd a pitch-mop as the carriage drew nigher,
And anointed th' Elect with electrical fire,

Then he call'd for one Pochin *, an Imp of his
 own,
Who was rubbing his hands with a terrible groan,
And bade him prepare to return in a trice,
For Virtue he found was superiør to Vice.

* An illiterate Methodistical Attorney.

Having first taken leave of the Saints upon earth,
 They leap'd in the carriage, to seek the New Birth ;
 Then, chanting a Hymn, the Infernals took flight,
 And in fire and smoke they were quick out of sight.

May no Methodist Preachers in future allure,
 Who PREY on the Rich while they PRAY with the Poor !
 But let each honest Soul with alacrity sing,
 May every sanctify'd Hypocrite swing !

Derry down, down, &c.

Written in Consequence of the BIGOTTED BOOBY's preaching
 again at STOURPORT, attended by Three of his sanctified
 CLAN.

STOURPORT STUFF:

A S O N G.

APOLLYON once more condescended to rise
 From the regions of Pluto, his Friends to revise,
 But not 'till his Master with horrible grin
 Had dubb'd his Ambassador—Envoy of Sin.

Derry, &c.

Now spreading his wings, like an Eagle he soar'd,
 And perch'd on the spot where before he had roar'd ;
 And to shew you what instinct in Demons is found,
 Three sanctify'd Lambkins he spy'd on the ground.

A trumpet he blew for the Saints to assemble,
 In a tone that would make even Hercules tremble,
 When a groupe from all quarters came running apace,
 And were soon on their knees round the Hillock of
 Grace.

The Muse, to avoid giving Nature a shock,
 Will only describe two or three of the flock,
 Whose actions so righteous, if properly drest,
 May shew to a titlle the minds of the rest.

A silver-tongu'd Hypocrite—Huntingdon's butt,
 Who smiles in your face while your throat he will cut,
 Is the first of these bigots, whose conscience's so tough,
 That the Devil himself cannot match him for Stuff.

The next on the list like a Bedlamite raved,
 Tho' the wretch was as drunk as the Sow of King
 David ;

For the Preacher not thinking him GRACELESS enough,
 Made him swallow the SPIRIT, that excellent Stuff.

The last is a Lawyer, a sanctified brute,
 Who's a Saint or a Devil, as clients may suit ;
 For he'll damn all his foes and his friends in a huff,
 And to Hell he would go for to finger the Stuff,

Now we Stourport Lads such Enthusiasts despise,
 Who own for their patron the Father of Lies ;
 We love to be frolicksome, jovial, and bluff,
 And good Ale we enjoy, which is STOURPORT STUFF.

We are honest, good-humour'd, and decently gay ;
And when Death puts an end to our innocent play,
We trust to be happy, nor fear a rebuff,
For Life in itself is but troublesome Stuff.

A good Parish-Priest who Morality preaches,
And shews by example the doctrine he teaches,
Is he whom we'll follow, tho' Folly looks gruff,
And M—k—m pronounces it orthodox Stuff.

Huzza ! then, my boys, here's the Church and the
King,

Not forgetting the other ADORABLE THING * !
Should the last want a key, why—think of a MUFF *,
And that we all know is the STUFF of all STUFF.

Derry, &c,

DESCRIPTION OF A CONCERT IN A GUILDHALL.

IN the evening at seven I enter'd the Hall,
Where Discord recedes at Harmonia's call ;
Where Justice impartial distributes reward,
To punish the guilty, or innocent guard ;

* Good Ale, which like a Muff is comfortable and warm.

Where

Where a Jew * by his impudence, cunning, and art,
Once acted a juggling politic part.

First I bow'd to the ladies, from sixty to ten ;
Then I notic'd the males, from the boys to the men ;
But in paying obedience to ASTREA's throne,
I could not refrain the fatirical groan,
In observing a man † in so sacred a place,
His own trumpet sound with so modest a grace.
In the seats of the Justices sat at their ease
Some Nymphs whose intentions were solely to please.
With what exquisite pleasure a culprit I'd stand
At the bar of such Judges to hold up my hand.
But now the musicians began to prepare,
And tickle the ears of the musical Fair,
When Harmony echo'd aloud through the place,
(While Discord remain'd in a woeful disgrace)
Such sounds, like the lyre of Orpheus so grand,
That the seats rose to dancing a jig to the band ‡.
But oh ! dire misfortune ! so rude were they found,
As to level the females with cold earthen ground.
Such inanimate rudeness the sex to expose,
And tinge their fair cheeks with a blush of the rose,
Is scarcely conceiv'd ; but the candid will tell
How bravely they rose, and how decent they fell.

* JONAS had the Guildhall to exhibit in.

† A regimental trumpeter, who sat in the Mayor's seat.

‡ Several seats were by accident overturned.

The fortunate accident being amended,
 In trotted a Brute *, by Subscribers attended ;
 And howe'er the poor beast might the Jessamies gall,
 He was not the first which had enter'd the Hall.
 A door then was open'd, when in came a Fair,
 Who pleasingly fung with a diffident air :
 She charm'd me by harmony warbled with ease :
 What a contrast to masculine Catches and Glees !
 The Concert then ended, when straight I arose
 To observe with distinction the belles and the beaux :
 There were high heads and low ones, Coxcombs and
 Cits,
 Physicians and Lawyers, Divines, and some Wits ;
 The latter were scarce, as 'tis credibly known
 'There are few in a corporate city or town.

This description is given the Reader to please :
 If ill-nature should blunder, yet still I'm at ease ;
 The Muse would avoid giving any offence,
 Nor can any be taken by those of good sense :
 My pen I throw by with a heart full of glee,
 'Till the next most agreeable Concert I see.

* A large mastiff, the property of a Cornet of Dragoons.

ON THE
ENLARGEMENT OF JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

Vincit amor Patriæ.

VIRG.

B RITONS, rejoice ! the noble Patriot's free,
Who dragg'd Confinement's galling chain for thee !
WILKES, the great Genius of the English race,
Who bravely dares to write, nor fears his Grace,
Is once more free ! May Britons ever find
A man so honest, who will speak his mind,
Oppose the hirelings of a worthless tribe,
Accept no pension, nor the venal bribe,
What tho' in private life he stands confess'd
Of some frail errors which possess his breast—
Shew me the man from ev'ry vice that's free,
And WILKES alone shall stand condemn'd by me.
Ye Sons of Liberty, who grace this Isle,
Expiring Freedom yet will force a smile,
And bids you hope the day will soon arrive
When Vice shall die and Liberty survive.

TO

TO JOHN SAWBRIDGE, ESQ.

ONE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES IN PARLIAMENT FOR
THE CITY OF LONDON.

HA PPY art thou, whose bosom swells to see
Each true-born Briton honest, just, and free !
And happier still to serve the public cause,
Exempt from sordid views or vain applause ;
But from a purer principle refin'd,
The AMOR PATRIÆ in a noble mind.
Go on with firmness, and still persevere !
Your cause is glorious, when the hirelings fear.
Despise the mean invectives of a slave,
Who bears the yoke his gilded pelf to save.
Let wily knaves or ministerial fools,
Who'd leave their God to serve some venal tools,
Your conduct censure ; 'twill but serve to prove
A firm attachment to your Country's love.
Britons must thank you for your brave defence,
With BECKFORD's spirit join'd to CAMDEN's sense,
To save this Isle, where vile Corruption reigns,
Whose pois'nous blood has spread throughout its veins.
Continue bold, and strengthen Virtue's cause,
To stem the torrent of oppressive laws ;
Then will the LORD who loves despotic sway,
And bends his thoughts his Country to betray,

Triumph

Triumph no more — But Justice in her place,
 Will add to Treachery deserv'd disgrace ;
 And England's friends in future days will see
 How great the blessing to be greatly free ;
 While Gratitude will pen in rolls of fame
 The Patriot SAWBRIDGE's immortal name.

ON ADMIRAL RODNEY'S VICTORY OVER
 THE SPANIARDS IN MDCCLXXX.

WHAT a sad situation Old England is in !
 If we lose, we're indifferent ; the same if we win :
 And the reason is clear — for we cannot be worse,
 While Scotchmen continue a national curse :
 Nay, the mines of Peru would but hasten the fall
 Of King, Lords and Commons, the People and all.
 If Britons would conquer like Romans of old,
 No Votes should be bought, no Boroughs be sold ;
 The axe should be laid to the neck of a B——,
 And eke to a dozen of such rotten fruit :
 Then, believe me, in time we might flourish again,
 Like our ancient forefathers, the freest of men.

ANSWER TO A CARD.

ACCCEPT these thanks, thou worthy friend,
 With pleasure I'll, at Young's,* attend ;
 Nor will I fail, Elective Mayor,
 To offer up a Freeman's prayer.

May no oppression in the year
 Of LOFTIE—to the Cits appear !
 May Wisdom feel no mortal pain
 From Folly, or her pompous train ;
 But may he quit the annual trust
 With as much honour and as just,
 As he hath gone thro' life before !
 No Freeman then can wish for more.

* The Red Lion, Canterbury, where the Corporation
 dined.

ON

ON READING MR. ISAAC ISMAY'S
 ENIGMATICAL REPOSITORY.
 TO THE REVIEWERS.

CONSCIOUS of innocence, the fearless Muse
 To each reviewing Critic boldly sues
 To spare a Friend.—No gilded toy she sends,
 Which changes merciless foes to flatt'ring friends;
 He scorns those fulsome lines which Authors write
 To beg for mercy—when they dread the fight.
 For this, he leaves his Hieroglyphic Lays
 To public censure—or to public praise:
 The produce of his weak * enervate frame,
 That, unambitious, never look'd for fame.
 Be dull no more, lest Justice, Candour plead,
 Assent for once to an IMPARTIAL deed;
 Smile on the man who cultivates with ease
 Each flow'ry spot that younger minds can please;
 Who scorning Satire's thorny road to tread,
 Would fix the laurel on the youthful head.
 Lash not his palsied years with Satire's rod,
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God."
 Lay pedantry and pedant rules aside,
 Let Justice reign, and curb the Critic's pride.

* The Author having been struck with the palsy.

Written under a GENTLEMAN'S PORTRAIT, which
a LADY thought proper to hang out of her CHAMBER-
WINDOW.

STOP, gentle traveller, and view

Pure Nature as a sign;

Refresh yourself, to all I'm true,—

And bring the best of wine.

Features will strongly shew the man

Whom woman makes a tool;

Believe me, Harriot ever can

Procure a fighting fool.

For what can be a greater mark

Than here above is seen?

A tender, whining, silly spark

In true forsaken GREEN*.

Then say if I've committed sin

In placing thus the lout;

WISDOM I have preserv'd within,

And FOLLY hung without.

* The Gentleman was drawn in a green suit.

A CONCISE DIALOGUE BETWEEN
WHITFIELD AND VOLTAIRE.

W H I T F I E L D.

F A I T H, and not Works alone, must be the guide,
For Man on true Religion to decide.

Faith in our Saviour's sufferings will teach
The meanest peasant saying grace to preach.

Faith in Christ Jesus all mankind will tell,
There is a Heaven and a fiery Hell.

Faith in the Son forever will precede
Those works which tend to ev'ry virtuous deed.

V O L T A I R E.

REASON, that gift divine, must be the guide
For Man on true Religion to decide.

Reason will teach him gratefully to sing
His thanks and praises to th' Almighty King.

Reason will tell him sensual pleasures cloy,
That pure morality's the key to joy.

Reason will bid him wickedness to shun,
And own the FATHER tho' he doubts the SON.

ON

A CONCISE DIALOGUE BETWEEN
ON SEEING A LADY AT A CONCERT WITH
HER HAIR DRESSED ENORMOUSLY HIGH.

HOW affecting the sight,
At the Concert last night,
To see Folly at play with the Ladies ;
And who fail'd not to bribe
The sweet delicate tribe
To ogle pure natural babies.

With what exquisite taste
Might old HORTON * with paste
Prepare a dessert for a table,
Like those pretty things,
With their tippets and wings,
Green, blue, yellow, orange, and sable.

But now harmony flies
Thro' the Hall in disguise,
In whispers soft music is drown'd ;
The young belles and the beaux
Were a-praising their clothes,
Common-Sense was not there to be found.

* The famous pastry-cook near the Royal-Exchange,
London.

Not

(71)

Not content thus to prattle,
Each Mac got a rattle,
The fans of the females I mean;
Then at bo-peep they play'd,
Tho' extremely afraid
Good-Manners would start from the screen.

Ill-Nature then enter'd
With Envy, who ventur'd
'Mongst ladies of forty or more;
With grey hairs on their crowns,
How they darted their frowns,
To think age would not cancel a score.

But now in came a beau,
It was Decency too,
And bade Folly go seek him a Fair,
Of an aspect as mild
As Humility's child,

Yet egregiously fond of her hair.

Folly listen'd with pain,
And shew'd signs of disdain,
T' expose thus a Goddess divine;
Crying, Pride is to blame
Thus to blacken the fame
Of the Cap-à-pée pupil of mine.

Then

Then Obedience here vow'd,
 And in terms very loud,
 That Folly should act upon duty;
 Thus she instantly flew,
 And produc'd to her view
 The sister of Beau in beauty.

Then Decency, with modest air,
 Reprov'd the fashionable Pair:
 " If you would wish to charm mankind,
 " Observe the friseur of the mind;
 " Embellish Nature's purer part,
 " Dress high the virtues of the heart;
 " Then may you glide thro' dreary life,
 " A constant—loving—virtuous wife.

ON SEEING A SATIRICAL CARD WRITTEN
 BY AN UPHOLSTERER.

COULD Nature afford such a Wight,
 Who with meekness excessive is found,
 To faint at a tragical fight,
 Tho' a lamb gave the innocent wound.

If so, let him read but the CARD/

Of a merciless feather-bed LOU,†

And he'll swoon at the soft Garret bard,

Who murders good-sense in a POUT*.

THE INVITATION.

SAYS the Wolf to the Fox, as they met in the street,

“ Let the Lion once more be recall'd to his seat.”

“ Agreed (answer'd Reynard), with this reservation

“ (For sincerely at heart I've the good of the Nation),

“ That he's no longer honest, but void of reflection,

“ That corruption secures his dependent election.”

Then to prove themselves beasts of integrity too,

They INVITED him in, like true sons of the blue ;

And so just to their promises did they abide,

That directly they poll'd on the opposite side.

Such political infamy none could surpass,

Excepting the dull insignificant Afs ;

Whose instinct was such, that his actions and vote

Displeas'd both the Candidates more than the Goat ;

For his word like his MIND was as light as a feather,

Having promis'd BOTH parties, and voted for

NEITHER.

* The Upholder.

THE

L

An

An impudent Coxcomb, being at a Coffee-house, and bragging of the antiquity and nobility of his Ancestors, said to a decent young Man who sat in the same Box, "Pray, Sir, what was your Father?"—"A Sadler, Sir."—"What a pity he didn't make a Sadler of you!"—The wretch expected applause, but all were silent, till the Youth addressed the Coxcomb as follows: "Will you give me leave, Sir, to ask you a question?"—"Yes, dammee (cried Flash)."—"Then, pray, Sir, what was your Father?"—"A Gentleman, by G-d."—"What a pity he didn't make a GENTLEMAN of you!"—The whole Company set up a laugh of derision, and Mr. Flash soon after got himself kicked out of the Coffee-house.

WRITTEN IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE
ABOVE.

AFTER Flash in a Coffee-room bragging had been Of his noble descent from Antiquity's Queen, This wretched, impertinent, blustering Blade Swore—Dammee, his blood was not tainted by trade; Then he levell'd his piece at a decent young man, But what like his wit only flash'd in the pan.

THE REPROOF.

CAPTAIN SAVAGE, a soldier of manners so rough,

Who thinks of dear homage he 'as never enough,

With martial-like impudence dar'd to require

A hand to the hat of his neighbouring Squire ;

But Sir John, with a meekness unknown to the Brute,

Said none but the GENTLEMAN he should salute.

Old Savage could scarcely give passion a vent,

Yet he bitterly swore that he'd make him repent :

When the Squire reply'd—" Hold, Captain—for

" shame,

" You're SAVAGE by nature and SAVAGE by name :

" Captain Savage—in future, shun folly — be wise,

" SAVAGE CAPTAIN thro' life I shall ever despise."

HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE D— OF
C—', DETERMINATION.

SHOULD e'er I be oblig'd to roam

Thro' distant countries far from home,

To seek a FRIEND ; I'd take a Jew,

A Mohawk, Tartar, or Gentoo,

An Algerine or Hottentot,
 Rather than trust the fawning Scot;
 Nay, savage Moors would I embrace,
 Sooner than herd with Scotland's race;
 For Judas ne'er can be forgot,
 While there remains a treacherous Scot;
 And Cain's foul offspring (rotten corps)
 Will live till SCOTCHMEN are no more.

ON A GENTLEMAN'S BEING REQUESTED TO
 CELEBRATE HIS BIRTH-DAY.

THOU pleasing Goddess, Melancholy, say,
 Shall gay festivity enrich the Day,
 The natal Day which gave ethereal breath
 To my corrupted mass of sin and death?
 Oh no! I'll seek the solitary bower,
 Where treads not man, nor blooms the fragrant flower;
 There I'll review, with sweet repentant tears,
 The rapid flight of five-and-thirty years;
 The pleasing hours of childhood I'll compare,
 When blest with innocence and free from care,
 With those misfortunes mankind undergo,
 Whose lives are folly, misery, and woe.
 Then will I moralize and heave a sigh,
 To think whole years like swiftest lightning fly;

And

And when the eve draws on to dreary dark,
I'll carve as follows on some tender bark:

If 'tis the will of Him who gave me light,
And brought fair Reason's mirror to my sight,
That all thro' life I pass Misfortune's Son,
I'll rest contented, and, 'His will be done.'

TO ONE WHO PUBLISHED SOME SATIRICAL
LINES ON THE DECEASE OF A WORTHY
CHARACTER.

HOW base art thou, whose writing is design'd
To add affliction to th' afflicted mind!
Whose levity is such, to scrawl with glee
What meek humanity must blush to see!
Whose prov'd indecency hath forc'd a tear
Of fond remembrance for a friend that's dear!
You never felt the big parental sigh,
When nature spoke an infant's death was nigh;
You know not how the tender passions rise,
When love fraternal dims a brother's eyes.
Oh! could you feel the agonizing woe
When swelling grief forbids the tear to flow.

Then

Then would you had how cruel 'tis to give
 Repeated wounds to those you'd wish to live.
 What could induce your folly to disclose
 A rhyming weakness, and yourself expose!
 'Tis vanity!—that darling in a breast
 Which foul ambition never will let rest.
 If you aspire unto a poet's fame,
 Attempt not that which ought to be your shame.
 Repent! no more humanity despise,
 Experience yet may teach you to be wise,

TO ONE WHO PUBLISHED SOME SATIRICAL
 ON THE DECEASE OF A WORTHY
 CHARACTER.

T O A L I C I A.

ADDRESSED TO ~~ONE~~ **H** ~~WHO~~
 ATTEMPTED SATIRE AT ~~THE~~ **W** ~~WHICH~~
 FOR CANTERBURY.

Credula Res Amor est.

OVID.

A Female champion in the cause
 Of Love, of Liberty, of Laws,
 Rises to clip the wings of Fame,
 And gain an antique virgin's name:
 The former passion seldom cloy,
 For love Platonic she enjoys;

The

The Ordeal Rites she might defy,
 And safely too the Lyon try;
 Such proofs would stagger wicked men,
 To view the fire and the den;
 That each would vow to be forsworn,
 If e'er they thought her guilty more.

The next fond passion that we find
 Reigns freely in her envious mind,
 Is liberty—at tea to tattle
 With Misses—Slander, Scandal, Prattle;
 Eager to hear the belles describe
 The noble virtues of their tribe.

Lastly, permit the Muse to sing,
 And clip Alicia's rhyming wing.
 The law of Celibacy stares,
 And fond Alicia shews her airs;
 Grinds down her virtue, and admits
 The law of nature acts by fits:
 The law of states she studies too,
 Makes me a JAC', a WHIG of you;
 Nightly she rails at fools and knaves,
 And dreams of pensions—placemen—slaves;
 The law of fashion and quadrille,
 The law of holding man at will:

• See the Tatler in Swift's Works, No. 5.

With

With num'rous more—but I'll forbear,
Lest Truth should start the briny tear.

And now propitious Fortune smile
On this once free, once happy life.
May every British subject find
A firm and independent mind ;
Conscious of strength'ning Virtue's cause,
In striving to oppose the laws
Of ev'ry wretched venal knave
Who true-born Britons would enslave !

The Muse has yet one pray'r to make,
And offer up for honour's sake :
If Cantuaria's Freemen true
Would fix the laurel where 'tis due.
Let them triumphant place the crown,
Nor heed a venal Courtier's frown,
On MILLES's head, whose actions prove
His ardor for his country's love.

TO AN OLD DEBAUCHEE.

AVAUNT Depravity—no more
 A champion rise at Virtue's door,
 But haste to fly and lead the van
 Of Folly, aged Folly's clan :
 Let Vice with all her train be there,
 She'll form the squadron in the rear.
RENAULT, stand forth, thou virtuous Knight,
 In Virtue's cause, and bravely fight ;
 Bid conscience fly when death is near,
 A virtuous mind need never fear :
 'Tis vice, foul vice, **UNKNOWN** to thee,
 That makes the dastard coward flee,
 Oh ! may such talents as we find
 Reign uncontroll'd in **RENAULT**'s mind
 Be firmly fix'd in ev'ry youth—
 As Candour, Honour, Justice, Truth.
 Then may we soon expect to see
 Each youth the Character of thee.

M

[A Key

[A Key to the following SONG may be had of any independent Freeman of Worcester.]

THE BEAR AND COCK.

YE Freemen of Worcester, attend to my story,
I mean only you who in Liberty glory;
It is of a Bear and a Cock that I sing,
A Bear in the toils, and a Cock on the wing.

Derry down, &c.

Now the reign of old Leo had nearly expir'd,
And each Beast to the office with rapture aspir'd,
When a trio of Asses were heard on a Plain,
To propose a Superior, their laws to maintain.

These sons of Sagacity spread o'er the Mead,
That the Bear was the Beast which they wish'd to
succeed;

A Bear which was known to be high in repute,
And that no one could equal the growl of this Brute.

Brother Bruin they urg'd was a Patriot too,
Stood firm to his principles—colour True Blue :
This stagger'd the Beasts, as they knew, by his clack,
Their Friend was no Blue—but a consummate Black.

However, to be as concise as I can,
 The Electors on Bruin with cudgels began;
 So that Growler, convinc'd he was damnably bit,
 Went shuffling away, 'till he fell in a pit.

The trio of Asses, on finding the Bear
 Was caught in the toils, set a-braying for fear;
 And in loud lamentations awaken'd the body
 Compos'd of his Worship, of Niddy, and Noddy.

These descendants of Solomon study'd all day,
 Then drew up their forces in battle array;
 When they fix'd on a Vulture, to cruelty prone,
 Instead of the Bear to be plac'd on the throne.

On a fine fertile common this Vulture was hatch'd,
 With talons and claws that the Devil ne'er match'd:
 For the neighbours with candour did oftentimes say,
 That Hell could not brag of a bird of such prey.

Like the locust of Egypt, he liv'd to destroy
 Pigs, ducks, geese, and turkies—nay even a boy;
 Whilst the innocent offspring of Poverty cry,
 “ Oh, Mammee! Oh, Tattee! with hunger I die.”

He devoured both horses and cows in a trice;
 At a cottage, though thatch'd, he was not over nice;
 Nay, Moore of Moore Hall, when he swallow'd the
 dragon,
 Was nothing, believe me, to this modern Dagon.

But the worthy Electors with anger were fir'd,
 (For Humanity ever by Virtue's admir'd)
 And swore one and all, that this ravenous fowl,
 Unless he'd decamp, would soon blink like an owl.

Then with hootings and hissings they drove him away;
 All's well that Ends well, is an excellent Play,
 He took wing like an ostrich, and flew to his sink,
 But not till he swallow'd a monstrous LINK.

Huzza, then my boys !—Here's Sir Watkin for ever !
 May the Bear and the Cock go to India together !
 And with spirit this toast we will seriously drink :
 May we never be chain'd to an INFAMOUS LINK.

Derry down, &c*

N. B. Yet, it was impossible for the
 worthy independent Freemen to WARD off that
 dreadful blow which put an end to the freedom of
 election in the City of Worcester.

A TALE.

A T A L E.

IN lovely Kent there liv'd of fame
 A young Physician—**FORD** his name,
 Who six years pass'd in single life,
 Without that comfort call'd a wife:
 But now resolv'd to taste the joy
 Which mortals think can never cloy,
 He loos'd the reins of Reason's aid,
 And took a charming lovely maid,
 (Tho' wedlock's thought by some a curse)
 Ye Gods, for better and for worse,
 Now joy possess'd his balmy breast,
 He felt himself completely blest;
 So fond by night, so kind by day,
 Sorrow and care were done away;
 When lo that jilting wretched Jade
 Miss Fortune fought the youthful Blade:
 For ah! that sweet delicious moon
 Which shone with lustre vanish'd soon;
 Tho' still with Madam 'twas, My Love,
 My Dear, my Angel, and my Dove;
 Yet ev'ry night, like Greece's Hector,
 She gave poor **FORD** a curtain lecture.

And

And what is worse, like mother Eve,
 Who pluck'd the pippin to deceive,
 When Madam found her passions suit,
 She tasted of forbidden fruit :
 A nonpareil she saw and eat—
 Her husband's shame appear'd compleat ;
 And thus by vice and folly led,
 Disgrac'd her lord and master's head.
 Her pleasures being a constant round,
 FORD's pocket soon a vacuum found :
 Two years could scarcely be forgot
 Before a prison was his lot.
 Within that gloomy dreadful place
 He linger'd 'till an Act of Grace,
 Or Graceless Act—if such it be,
 Came forth, and set the captive free:
 Now Poverty, with wretched stare,
 Darts her fierce looks with horrid glare.
 Alas, poor FORD!—no tender wife
 To soften all the cares of life,
 But with a sensual Devil curst,
 Of Eve's descendants far the worst—
 What must he do?—his credit fled,
 A cunning harlot in his bed :
 Why,

Why, Reason told the wedded elf
 To fly, and once more be himself.
 He acquiesc'd, but justly swore,
 He never took advice before.
 Out on a pilgrimage he set—
 (For out of danger's out of debt ;
 And if from bailiffs greedy claw
 He wisely keeps, he's out of law.)
 FORD travell'd on with empty purse,
 And empty belly, which is worse,
 Till Sunday morn, when, almost starv'd,
 He found a church was to be serv'd :
 For not far off he heard a bell
 Tinkling a horrid lonesome yell.
 Quick to the sacred place he beat,
 And gravely ent'ring, took his seat ;
 Bow'd to the parson and the clerk,
 To ev'ry belle and ev'ry spark.
 Pray'rs over, the jolly Rector
 His rostrum mounted, 'gan to lecture ;
 His text I cannot recollect,
 (Pray, Reader, pardon the defect)
 But from some Apostle or Saint
 He thus most gravely did descant :
 Beloved

" Beloved Brethren," SPINTEXT cries,
 " Swear not at all, if you are wise :
 " But as mankind to vice are bent,
 " And passion sometimes must have vent,
 " If you should swear, howe'er absurd,
 " 'Tis orthodox to keep your word."

FORD listen'd with attentive ear,
 Such sacred novelties to hear ;
 And this discourse the Muse will tell ye
 Well suited with his famish'd belly.
 The sermon ended—and the croud
 Having return'd their thanks and bow'd,
 Our hungry hero left the church,
 Resolving DOMINE to lurch,
 And waited in the adjoining mead,
 Where the good pastor's cattle feed :
 The congregation having past,
 Of course the parson came at last.
 Just as the field was nearly clear'd,
 Sir FULL-FED DOMINE appear'd.
 Now was the time for FORD to quit
 His decency, and shew his wit :
 " Most Rev'rend Sir," he faintly cries,
 " Your doctrine I shall ever prize ;
 " So novel, Sir, and yet so found,
 " Your sermon's worth a hundred pound.
 " Sir, I resolv'd within the pew
 " ~~That~~ I this day would dine with you ;

" And

" And tho' you think the same absurd,
 " I'm DAMN'D if I don't keep my word."
 " Come on, my friend," the parson cry'd,
 " You're welcome at my table's side.

FORD modestly obey'd his call,

And plodded on to PLENTY HALL.

A sumptuous banquet was prepar'd, _____

At which our hero nobly far'd :

And dinner being over, grace

The parson said, with solemn face.

When wine, the fountain of delight,

Appear'd transparent to the sight,

Each man his bottle having taken,

The Rector thought to save his bacon ;

For now he clearly did conceive

His witty guest would take his leave.

But how astonish'd when he found

Two bottles scarcely had been round

Before his visitor with glee

Cries, with an oath, " I'll drink my tea

" This day with you ; and, 'tis as true,

" I'm DAMN'D if I don't sup with you."

Thus going on, when Orthodox

(Cunning and sly as any fox)

Sharply replies, with honest glow,

" I'm DAMN'D if you shall breakfast, tho'."

Then drank his tea, his supper eat,

Thank'd the kind Parson for his treat,

Bade him most graciously good night,
 And fallied forth with spirits light;
 Convinc'd the proverb was no joke,
 That oaths are better kept than broke.

THE GLUTTON.

TOM GUZZLE, an ignorant, impudent finner,
 Having forc'd himself into Sir John's for a dinner,
 On seeing a buttock of beef on the table,
 Fell to like a swine, and gorg'd what he was able.
 "Here's cut and come again, Sir," said the impudent
 knave;
 When the good-natur'd Knight, with a countenance
 grave,
 Cry'd, "Cut on if you please, you son of a whore,
 "But I'm d—d if you come again here any
 "more."

ADIA

A D I A L O G U E.

M^{Q.}Y dearest Friend, oh tell me why
You wish to barter Liberty
For that vile Slavery in life
Which he must feel who seeks a wife ?

A.
The greatest curse this side the grave
Waits on the man who's Passion's slave ;
By taking of a wife, you see,
I Slav'ry quit for Liberty.

I^{Q.}Differ much from you in this :
When Madam is no longer Miss,
She soon forgets her single life,
And reigns the tyrant in a wife.

A.
Not so the lovely virtuous Fair,
Whose temper sweetens ev'ry care ;
She loves her husband, knows no wiles,
And lives dependent on his smiles.

ON READING THE REVEREND MR. JOHN
WESLEY'S "CALM ADDRESS."

HOW glaringly absurd this author seems,
Whose CALM performance with ill-nature teems :
Religious liberty, tho' strange the whim,
He gives to Methodists—who act like him.
Did he one grain of modesty possess,
He'd hang himself, and burn his CALM ADDRESS.

THE VALETUDINARIANS.

CRIES Jack to his Friend, "Your excellent wine
" Makes me constantly sick, tho' reputed so fine ;
" After drinking it yesterday, I was so ill,
" That I could not be worse from a LAXATIVE pill."
" Indeed, Jack, (says his Friend) my port, it is true
" Disagrees with its master as well as with you ;
" For so COSTIVE it makes me, and BINDS me so close,
" That I could not be worse from a CINNAMON dose."

THE

THE MAIDEN SPEECH.

A Vote having pass'd for the Ladies admission
 In the Irish House, so fam'd for precision,
 The Gallery constantly shone with the Fair,
 A sight in the Senate exceedingly rare.
 One day when a Motion of import was made,
 I think it was something concerning their trade,
 A crabbed old Batchelor rose from his seat,
 And mov'd for a clearance—one reason—the heat ;
 The other—'twas wrong, it appearing so clear
 That the sex should with politics not interfere.
 When a toothless old lady arose in a choler,
 And address'd thus the House, with a mind full of dolor :
 “ Mr. Speaker, I rise with submission that's due
 “ To this Honourable House, its Members, and you,
 “ To object to this Motion, as tending to take
 “ That FREEDOM we wish to preserve for your sake ;
 “ Tho' we are no MEMBERS for BOROUGHs, my—
 “ Dear,
 “ Yet we've BOROUGHs for MEMBERS, and ought to
 “ be here.”

THE BREST FLEET.

AS two Sailors were galloping swift as the wind
 Thro' a street which abounds with the feminine kind,
 Jack 'spy'd from a window, that seat of delight,
 A pleasing, uncommon, but exquisite fight ;
 It was Venus so fair, sweet Pallas, and Juno,
 A prospect contemplating out of their window:
 Like Cymon he star'd at the GRACES so fair,
 With their tresses so lovely, and BOSOMS so BARE.
 Thus BROUGHT-TO by surprize, he halloo'd, " Tom
 " Grog,
 " Haul your wind ; damn my eyes, here's the BREAST
 " FLEET, you Dog !"

Tom hove out his anchor, and staringly cries,
 " To take vessels like these what a glorious prize ;
 " But if we FALL TO without RAKING the Fleet,
 " Sure as you are Jack Hawser, so sure we are beat :
 " Therefore I shall SHEER OFF, tho' the frigates I
 " like,
 " For if I ENGAGE, I am sure I shall STRIKE."

Then they up with their anchors, their topfails unfurl'd,
 And set sail like two devils from Erebus hurl'd.

F I N I S.



